

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1861.

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 4.]

Poetry.

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Let us all help one another,
And a heart of kindness show,
As down time's flowing river—
In the hour of life we row;
For, though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together,
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us all help one another,
In misfortune's wintry day,
And be kinder still as ever,
Earth's best gifts are snatched away.
When bright fortune glides the morrow,
Hollow hearts will turn and cling;
But when comes the night and sorrow,
Only true hearts comfort bring.

Let us all help one another,
And do good where'er we can—
Who withhold the hand of kindness
Scarce deserves the name of man;
For the one great law of nature,
Which was meant mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow creature,
When we find him in distress.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together, wisely, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.

"And so have I," Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.

"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has done the best days' work."

"You, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."

"Very well." And full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began:

"You remember the debt of Warfield about which I spoke a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my entire interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning."

"Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was a sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield's will get a third of his claim."

"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider quite as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county, for debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. All right. That is transaction number two. Number three is pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant, for cash. He thinks he has a bargain; and perhaps he has; but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desirable one."

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said:

"Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the piles of good things made."

"No—nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, my doings will bear no comparison with yours. I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so—Go on. I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But, after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraidings, that I would for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned partly away.

"Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone. Dear, little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears, a small inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and worry some all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!"

"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her cross perverse humors. She didn't want to go to school to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her willfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gen-

tle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unbudded. And so I had my reward."

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slippers, and you some pocket-handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words to mine—Patience! patience! whispered a small still voice. I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all external signs, did I look into Ellen's face until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion."

"You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproach, and she went back to the kitchen, something wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed."

"Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward, suddenly, and kissed her, saying, as he did so—

"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny, dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

"Glad to get home."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times lately alluded to a number of negro fugitives who were voluntarily returning to their masters. A second letter from the steamer on which they were, dated at Napoleon, Arkansas, made this further mention of them:

"The negroes returning to slavery, mentioned in my last letter, disembarked at this point. So desirous were they to get on shore, that they could hardly be restrained from jumping from the boat before she had landed. Their eyes sparkled, and they grinned from one ear to the other at the prospect of once more returning to their old homes. One of the women exclaimed—

"Bress God! I'se home now, and no one'll ever catch this child gwine 'way again; I'se gwine to stay home, I is' and she fairly danced in the exuberance of her feelings. On the wharf-boat they were met by one whom I took to be their owner, who received them cordially, and was evidently delighted to see them. He examined them quite critically, and I heard him say to one:

"Why, Jane, you don't look so hearty as you did—ye ain't sick, are you?"

"No, Massa, I ain't sick as I knowed on, but I'se mighty tired and worried, and dis child wants to get home."

"They were evidently well known in Napoleon, for many came up and shook hands with them while they remained on the wharf boat. One of the passengers informed me that yesterday he was standing on the pier of the colored women, who were busily ironing. All at once she stopped, and throwing up her arms, exclaimed—

"Oh golly, isn't I glad I'se near home!"

"So much for the returned slaves, who tasted the sweets of liberty," but, incomprehensible to rabid Abolitionists, preferred the bitterness of slavery."

A RICH SCENE IN CONGRESS.—"Tom," Washington correspondent of the Dubuque Times, gives the following account of a rich scene in the House during the last ballot for Speaker, which we have not seen published before:

"During the progress of the ballot, many ludicrous scenes transpired. One, in particular, I will mention, which excited a great deal of mirth. As Barksdale was urging all the Opposition elements to unite on McClelland, a lady in one of the front seats in the gallery was observed to become very much excited. She coughed, made signs, and by other means attempted to attract the attention of a member below. Not succeeding, she leaned far over the balcony, and in an audible whisper exclaimed: 'David! David! I change your vote, you booby! The honorable member looked up, recognized his better half, colored, hesitated, stammered, and then instantly changed his seat. A small, delicate fist was shaken at him from the gallery, amid the suppressed mirth of the spectators.'

A PRUDENT DAUGHTER.—One of our citizens who has taken some pride for several years in cultivating a full crop of hair on his face, was called away from home on business some time since. While absent an inexperienced barber spoiled his whiskers in trimming them, which so chagrined him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whiskers and moustache both off. The barber obeyed, and our friends face was as smooth and delicate as when he was in his teens. He returns home in the night. Next morning his little girl did not recognize him on waking up. Looking over her mother, and seeing, as she supposed, a stranger in the bed, she remarked in her childish simplicity, 'Mister, get out of here; I'll tell pa on you when she comes home.'—*Connersville (Ky.) Times.*

A Discouraged Widow.

After nine miles of the most lonesome, dreary and hilly road that ever mortal man traveled, I came in sight of what I supposed to be the widow's house. It was a low cabin at the foot of the hill, with a tremendous oak in front of it. I saw somebody sitting under the tree, and as I approached nearer, I discovered that it was a woman, with her face buried in her hands, and weeping violently. As soon as I reached the spot, I addressed her somewhat in the following manner:

"I do not wish to be impertinent, madam, but I feel some concern to know what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, too-hoo-hoo! Too-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"My dear madam, what is the matter?"

I demanded, becoming really concerned at the manner in which she was acting—

She kept up her agony of distress, while a group of six or seven children began to come from the neighboring bushes and gather closely around her.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of all that's good, tell me what ails you!"

"Oh, stranger," she exclaimed, raising her eyes, bloodshot with weeping, "my—too-hoo-hoo-hoo—band is too-hoo-hoo—dead!" and she again relapsed into her fit of weeping. I was truly affected by the poor woman's distress, and, though a poor sinner myself, I could not refrain from offering her some consolation.

"My dear madam, do not give up in distress. Heaven has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Cheer up, my good woman; the cloud may be dark, but the sun will eventually dissipate it. You may have to labor hard for your children, but Heaven will aid you."

"That ain't nothing, stranger," exclaimed the woman, "as for the children, I haven't got but seventeen, and I make support for them easy enough. Heaven doubt my husband, and I has no more but he'd make a mighty good husband but I want a sure nigh husband, a real live one like my poor John was afore he died. Poor John—poor John! Oh, me! too-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

When I had listened to this speech, there was something so absolutely and purely original in its ridiculous ideas that I could not help laughing at the mourner. As soon as possible I recovered myself and changed my tactics.

"Well, madam," I said, "if that's all, for Heaven's sake don't give yourself any more trouble. There are plenty of men in the world; surely you can get another husband."

"I mount get another husband, stranger, but, oh! I couldn't find nigh 'nother like John—poor John!—poor John! Oh, me—too-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"What was there remarkable about him, ma'am? If he was uncommonly likely, there are plenty of handsome men left in the world. If he was an extraordinary strong man, I know of some giants in strength. Was he good, kind and gentle, there are such still left upon earth? Was he a man of extraordinary intellect, wisdom or genius, depend upon it there are others equal to him. Depend upon it, that no matter what extra gift he may have possessed, with patience and diligence you may find another to smooth the rough way of life for you, and fill the vacancy which distresses you so."

"Oh, stranger," returned the woman, "I know it's your kind heartedness what makes you speak so, but 'taint nothing like John; John wasn't nigh 'nother 'nother like John—poor John!—poor John! Oh, me—too-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"Well, madam, I have guessed till I'm tired. What was there about John so very remarkable?"

"Mark! mark!" she exclaimed, "why, stranger, John was the best fiddler on yuth. How he would lay back his hand, his fiddle, and roll his beautiful head around from side to side, as he played—'Sugar in de Gourd,' 'Fig in de Tator Patch,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' and all them tunes! Just to think! It ha'n't been a month since he sit right here under this tree and played for me while I got up and danced just this way to that good old tune—

"Oh, she wouldn't and she couldn't, and she wouldn't come at all!"

And here the woman jumped up and cut two or three different steps—half way between the pigeon wing and the old Virginia back step—while she sang the above tune; then falling, she screamed in agony of distress—

"And now he's gone!—dead! Oh, me!"

I gazed at the woman for one moment, and then I told her I knew some very good fiddlers. She immediately became calm, and looking up into my face with an inquiring glance, she said—

"Stranger, maybe you is a good fiddler; I'll go and get John's fiddle!"

And off she started for the house. As soon as she was out of sight, I struck upon to my horse.

I now understand the depth of such feeling as that.

Lord Bacon frequently told the following:

A proud, lazy young fellow once came to an old man who sold brooms, and asked for a broom on credit; to whom the old man said,—

"Friend, hast thou no money?"

"No," replied the other.

"Then thee better borrow of thy back, borrow of thy belly—they'll never ask thee again; I shall be dunning thee every day."

LAW OF LEAP YEAR.—A Scotch statute of 1228, reads as follows: "It is statute and ordain that during the reign of her most blisful Magistie, ilk fourth year, known as leap year, ilk maiden layde of bairth high and low estate, shall have liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; althir, if he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be murthered in ye sum of one pound (£1) or less as his estate moe be, except and avais if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to ano woman, that he than shall be free."

A Keerful Shepherd.

Mormonism is still in practical operation amongst us. A few days since a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion very strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburgh with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakeward with, held forth as follows to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the completion of his domestic felicity. His text was:

"Men is skeerce, and Weomen is Plenty."

"Brother and Sister—particular the Sister: I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism—not for my own sake, but for yours, for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty."

"Mormonism is built on that high, old principle which sees that it ain't good for man to be alone, and a mighty sight worse for a woman. Therefore, if a man feels good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel on awful sight better."

"The first principle of Mormonism is, that woman air a good thing, and the second principle is that you can't have too much of a good thing. Woman is tenderer than man, and is necessary to smooth down the roughness of his character, and as man has a good many rough points in his nature, he oughtn't to give one woman too much to do, but set each one to work smoothing some particular point."

"Don't think I'm anxious for you to fine me for I ain't. I'm not speakin' for my good, but for yours; for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty."

"I said woman was tenderer than man, but you needn't feel stuck up about it, for so she ought to be; she was made so for a purpose. But how was she made so?—Where did she get it from? Why, she was created out of the side bone of a man and the side bone of a man is like the side bone of a turkey—the tenderest part of him. Therefore, as a woman has three side bones, and a man only one, of course she is three times as tender as man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of his by robbing him. And how did she rob him of his side bone? Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now-a-days of his loose change—she took advantage of him when he was asleep."

"But as woman is more tender than man, so is man more forgiving than woman, therefore I won't say anything more about the side bone, or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I'm a big shepherd out on my way and fare sumptuously every day on purple and fine linen."

"When I first landed on the shores of the Great Salt Lake I wasn't rich in weemen, I had but one poor old rich, but men is skeerce and weemen is plenty, and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us and of our lovin ways, and they kept a ponin in they come from the North, and they come from the South, they come from the East and they come from the West; they come from Europe, they come from Aisley, and a few of 'em from Afrikey, and from being the miserable owner of one old eye, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinkling of lambs, friskier and fatter than anybody else's, and I've got room for a few more."

"As I said before, I'm not talkin' particular for my benefit, but for yours—for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty—Still, I'd a little rather you'd go along with me than not, pertickler you fat one with the caliker sunbonnet. Don't hesitate; but take the chance while you can get it, and I'll make you the bell-yow of the flock. I'll lead you through green pastures and the high grass; show you where you may caper in the sunshine, and lay down in pleasant places, and as you are in pretty good condition already, in consequence of time you shall be fatter in the flock. Jine in, jine in; jine in my train; jine in now; for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty!"

The appeal was irresistible. At the last account "the fat woman with the caliker sunbonnet" had "jined in," and two or three were on the fence, with a decided leaning toward the "Keerful Shepherd."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

COMMENDABLE ECONOMY.—Our friend W. issued a license for the marriage of John Murphy and Mary Manning, both natives of the emerald Isle, for which he received from John the legal fee, \$1. But the intended bride "rued." Six weeks and two days afterward John made his second appearance in the Clerk's office.

"Misther W—," said he, "in February last I got a license from you to marry Mary Manning, and I doat marry her an' now, please your honor, wud ye be so good as to alter it so it wud fit Honors Mortality?"

Jim informed him that this could not be done, and that he must get a new license to "fit" Honors.

"And pay for it," said John.

"And pay for it," said Jim W.

"Och, indeed! then I'm ruined intirely, intirely!" exclaimed John, "for I just courted Honors to save the dollar!"

NUMBER ONE.—One hour lost in the morning, by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early, is worth one month in the year.

One unruled animal will teach all others in company bad tricks; and the Bible says, "one sinner destroyeth much good."

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife who is always telling how finely her neighbor dresses, and how little she can get, will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband that is penurious or lazy, and deprives his family of comforts, and that his neighbors enjoy, is not the sort of a husband he ought to be.

One good newspaper is one good thing in a family, and—

One who don't take his county paper and pay for it, discredits his best interests.

A Visit to the Oil Springs of Trumbull County.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald describes his pilgrimage to the oil springs of Mecca, as follows:

Driving ten miles N. N. E. by half N. we arrived at "Bower's Corners" in the town of Mecca—a wide-awake settlement consisting of a church, two dwelling houses, and a blacksmith shop—behind the latter of which we found the much talked of "oil well." The men were busily employed in boring, and were sanguine of "striking" a big fountain of oil shortly. They had already proceeded to the depth of 91 feet, with, as they report, the following result: Twenty years ago a well was dug here for family use to the depth of eleven feet, when a stream of oil came pouring into the well of nearly the size of a man's wrist. The oil was supposed to be useless, and the hole was plugged up, and the well afterwards used occasionally, although the water was never considered palatable. That "plug" has not yet been found! But the speculators began at this depth—eleven feet—bored ten feet through sand stones, and here struck quite a vein of oil. They next bored twenty feet through slate, and two feet of hard, blue clay, and again entered the sand stone in which they have been ever since. At the depth of about seventy feet they struck another vein of oil, nearly or quite as plentiful as the first, but they claim that a strong current of water forced this oil back into its crevices.

As the hole is only three inches in diameter, we did not go down to see if this was correct, but we took it for granted. We did, however, let down a two gallon tin bucket to the bottom of the well, and drew it up filled with "half and all"—water and oil. We are told that this can be repeated about every three hours. The oil is dark and dirty, looks like the thick scum on boiled molasses at sugaring off time, and is filled with a fungus-like texture resembling cobwebs and thin paint skins. We filled a two ounce vial with this oil, dirty, frothy clothed oil, and placed it in an inside vest pocket. In six hours the blubbers had all disappeared, leaving one-third of the vial empty and the remainder was as follows: The upper third a dark, clear, molasses-colored oil, the second third a dirty compound of webby "rings and bits of thin parchment-like skin; and the last and lower third, pure, clear water. The oil smells and tastes just like the Harlem or British oil, and we find, on experimenting, that it will burn better, far better, than any lamp oil in the market. The expense of boring at this point averages about \$2.00 per foot. The land on which this well stands, belongs to a Mr. Jeffrey, but Messrs. Bunnell & Jordan have leased the oil privileges, and are expecting to secure a fortune shortly. There are some eight or ten more oil springs in Mecca, and a number of very valuable ones have lately been discovered seven miles south in the town of Howland, and also in Liverpool, Medina county.

As old woman who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of any unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many of others, are wot of, had got tired of her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed—"Oh, wife! what—what—do you think? The old bridle cow has gone and eat up our grindstone!" The old woman was ready; and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so, you old fool! I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors!"

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—A wag of a fellow, by the name of Thornton, one day got up during service and walked out of church, making rather a prominent display of a gold headed cane. The preacher a well known eccentric character, with a wooden leg—the result of his love for fox hunting—immediately pounced upon him in this wise. "Pull that cane from under your arm, my young friend, and throw it away. There is no golden headed cane in heaven!" Whereupon Thornton turning round, replied, "Pull that stick of wood out of your pants, my old friend and throw it away there are no wooden legs in heaven!"

A black fiend, says the Lockport Advertiser, who had been employed by Philip Harmony, four n east of this village, committed last Friday, an atrocious outrage on Miss Mary Harmony, a white maiden lady, about forty years of age. While she was in the house, engaged in ironing, he stepped behind her, and with a rope which he had in his hands, fastened her arms behind her, and with other ropes completely secured her from defense. She was thus completely at his mercy. The villain made his escape from the house, and the unfortunate lady was relieved by her brother, who came an hour afterwards. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

PAT was summoned to court to pay a doctor's bill.

"Judge—Why do you refuse to pay?"

"Pat—What for should I pay? Sure did he give me anything but emetics, and divil a one could I kape on me stomach at all."

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation go to church without their purses when a recollection is to be taken up.

There is man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything appertaining to monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

"Madam, your shawl is dragging in the mud!"

"Well, what if it is, ain't it in the fashion?"

Democratic National Conventions for a Series of Terms.

The two-thirds rule was adopted in 1844, by the following vote, (by States.)

CONVENTION OF 1844.

For the Against the

Sts. R. R.

Maine..... 0 9 Georgia..... 10 0

Massachusetts..... 5 7 Alabama..... 9 0

N. Hampshire..... 0 6 Mississippi..... 6 0

Vermont..... 1 5 Texas..... 6 0

Rhode Island..... 2 2 Tennessee..... 12 0

New York..... 0 35 Kentucky..... 12 0

New Jersey..... 7 0 Ohio..... 0 23

Pennsylvania..... 12 13 Michigan..... 5 0

Delaware..... 3 0 Indiana..... 12 0

Maryland..... 6 2 Illinois..... 9 0

Virginia..... 17 0 Missouri..... 0 7

North Carolina..... 5 5 Arkansas..... 3 0

Majority..... 116 116

The balloting for President in the Democratic Convention in 1844, were as follows:

CONVENTION OF 1848.

1st. 2d. 3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th.

Buchanan..... 4 9 11 17 25 32 32

Van Buren..... 127 127 111 104 101 99 104

Johnson..... 34 39 38 32 29 31 31

Stewart..... 1 1 0 4 0 0 0

Woodruff..... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0

Calhoun..... 6 1 2 1 1 1 1

Polk..... 5 0 0 0 0 0 0

Majority..... 266 266 266 266 266 266 266

The ninth ballot was unanimous for James K. Polk, of Tennessee, a new candidate, taken up at the eleventh hour.

CONVENTION OF 1852.

In this Convention, the two-thirds rule was adopted by the following vote:

Years. Nays. Years. Nays.

Maine..... 0 9 Alabama..... 9 0

N. Hampshire..... 6 0 Mississippi..... 6 0

Massachusetts..... 10 5 Louisiana..... 6 0